

The Convergence

by TheMadQueenSkooter

Category: Legend of Zelda

Genre: Adventure, Angst

Language: English

Characters: Alfonzo, Impa, Link, Zelda

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 01:05:59

Updated: 2016-04-14 01:05:59

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:28:27

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,603

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Fourteen years ago the mad tyrant slew the Royal Family of Hyrule, taking over and enslaving its people. Now Zelda, Queen in Exile, and her Champion Link fight to take back her throne. Universe collide and the countdown is on for the Convergence, and the end of all the worlds.

The Convergence

A/N: Hello to everyone who may have read my stuff in the past, and hello to all the new readers out there. So this story came out of nowhere when I started playing Legend of Zelda games again. I will say upfront that there's a lot of angst in this story, as well as graphic depictions of violence, both past and present, so if that's not your cup of tea then don't get into it now. Other than that, I do not own the Legend of Zelda franchise, and happy reading!

Link galloped through the Twilight, Midna goading him on from his he felt a sensation like buzzing over his skin and he stopped, looking around to try and find whatever was doing it. He yelped when the feeling intensified into almost-pain. His ears popped and the world blurred out for a second before coming back into focus, with Link and Midna suddenly in the midst of a group of men in unfamiliar garb and all carrying weapons.

Link immediately shifted back into human form and Midna fled for his shadow, telling him that they were somehow back in Hyrule. The men stared at him in shock for a moment. They looked like soldiers, with leather armour and various types of weapons. The insignia on their banner was unfamiliar with him.

"What in the seven hells is this?" One of them growled.

"Don't matter." Another replied. "Take him to the king."

"What king?" Link asked, immediately wishing he hadn't opened his big

mouth. "The ruler of Hyrule is Princess Zelda."

Obviously this was the wrong thing to say, as the men's looks turned downright nasty. "A little resistance fighter, huh?" The leader of the group said. "The king will really want to see you now."

Link drew his sword, eyes flicking from one soldier to another. There were six of them against him alone, not good odds, especially since Midna couldn't help him here. "Don't be a hero, boy." The leader said. "It won't end well for you."

Link feinted at the leader, trying to make one of them move enough that he could get away, make a break for the forest on either side of the road. The leader batted away his thrust with a scowl and then Link had to deflect a blow from the left. In so doing he left himself exposed, and the butt of a spear slammed down on his sword arm.

Link distinctly heard the sound of one of the bones in his forearm snapping. The sharp pain hit moments later, making him drop his sword in shock. A fist drove into his belly, driving him to his knees as he fought to breathe, and then he was kicked in the face, sending him sprawling. One of the men placed a foot on his chest, preventing him from trying to get up again.

The man to the left of the one holding him down fell over, thumping down beside Link, his eyes open in death, one eye punctured by a thin needle. Silence fell over the soldiers. "The Ghost." One whispered fearfully.

"Shut up." The leader said uneasily, taking out a length of rope. "Let's get him secured and get out of here. Knew we shouldn't have taken the road through the Lost Woods."

The man with his foot on Link suddenly fell backwards with a horrible gurgle, a needle sticking out of his neck. All hell broke loose as a figure in green landed in the middle of the soldiers, lashing out at the leader. The leader fell away, his throat cut open and pouring his life's blood onto the ground. Another man stumbled backwards before slumping to the ground, intestines spilling out of cut in his belly, while the fifth's neck was broken with a sickening snap.

The last man decided he didn't want to take on this demon alone and ran for it. He only made it about twenty steps before falling, a thrown dagger imbedded in his neck. The whole thing had taken what felt like seconds to Link and he sat there, breathing rapidly through his nose and trying not to throw up at the sight of the carnage.

The figure, the Ghost, then turned to him and he tried to scramble backwards. The Ghost just regarded him for a moment, standing so still it was unnatural. He was hooded, forest green cloak now splattered with blood, and black cloth covered his mouth and nose snugly, leaving only a pair of piercing pale blue eyes visible.

Link got to his feet, cradling his broken arm against his chest. "Who are you?" He demanded, searching for his sword. It was to the left of him, too far for him to roll and come up with it. Maybe he could run for it before the Ghost got to him, but then he remembered how fast the Ghost had been and swallowed thickly.

Link heard the sound of approaching hoofbeats as they stared each

other down. The Ghost moved in a blur of motion, gripping Link's good arm and dragging into the forest. Link struggled to keep up with the fast pace, though he didn't have much of a choice, his arm held in an iron grip.

He suddenly tripped, managing to wrench himself free of the Ghost's grip and sprawled, rolling over his damaged arm. "What do you want?" He demanded of the Ghost, who was standing there silently, watching as Link cradled his broken arm against his chest and tried to stand.

The Ghost took a step towards him and Midna appeared out of the shadows, teeth bared angrily. "Back off, he's mine." She snapped. Link stared; somehow she wasn't being hurt by the sun.

The Ghost tilted his head at her and then lifted his hands, taking the wrist-guard and glove off one, then the other, and held up both hands, palm out. Link stared at him. He had the feeling that the Ghost could take down Midna no problem, but here he was, trying to reassure them that he meant no harm. And, despite the vicious fight, the Ghost had saved him from those soldiers.

Link swallowed thickly and took a step towards the Ghost, keeping his eyes locked on the Ghost's. "Link." Midna hissed. "Don't be an idiot."

"If he wanted he could have already hurt both of us." Link replied shakily to her. "I don't think he means us any harm. Besides, what choice do we have but to trust him. Do you know where we are, or how to get back to the road?"

Midna grumbled but didn't argue further, choosing to settle on his shoulder, glaring at the Ghost. When Link was close the Ghost held out one hand. Link looked up into his pale eyes and was surprised to find kindness there. There was something so familiar about him, and it made Link want to trust him. Link placed the hand of his broken arm in the outstretched hand before him, choosing to obey that feeling.

The Ghost gently removed Link's glove, which, despite his care, the pain still made him bite his tongue to prevent a cry of pain from escaping. He probed at Link's arm, making him wince. He looked at Midna and gestured for her to come closer, holding Link's arm so that the broken pieces of it lined up properly.

"What do you want?" Midna snapped. The Ghost nodded down at Link's arm.

"He wants you to hold my arm steady so that he can splint it, right?" Link said. The Ghost nodded once. Midna grasped Link's arm on either side of the break where the Ghost showed her. He then carefully splinted it, pulling a piece of cloth out of his belt to fashion a sling for Link.

"Thank you." Link said with relief. The Ghost dipped his head in acknowledgement. When he started walking Link followed after him willingly, ignoring Midna's grumbles. "Midna, why isn't the sun hurting you?" Link asked, watching as Midna passed through patches of sunshine without a flinch.

"I don't know. I tried to warp us to the Twilight Realm but it didn't work." Midna admitted, worriedly. "We are in Hyrule, aren't we?"

"I don't know anymore." Link replied.

Finally they came to a very large tree in the middle of the woods. Link didn't know how the Ghost knew how to get here. There hadn't been any paths, or markings that he'd seen. He watched as the Ghost tapped out a rhythm on the tree trunk. The tree groaned and a doorway grew out of the trunk.

Link followed the Ghost in, down tightly spiralling wooden stairs lit by glowing mushrooms along the wall. It felt like forever before they came to the bottom and entered a semi-circular hallway. To the inside of the circle, separated from the hallway by pillars of stone and wood every ten steps was a large circular room with large glowing mushrooms lighting it from on high. On the outside of the hallway were doors, most of them closed.

In the circular room was long benches and tables, currently populated by all kinds of people. Running around the edge of the room was another staircase, spiralling its way up around the circumference of the room. Link could see two landings with doors leading off them along the staircase.

The Ghost walked into the circular room, which seemed to be a dining room, judging by the bowls and platters of food on the tables. The conversations slowly died away as Link walked after the Ghost. Midna had hidden herself in his shadow the moment she'd seen so many people, so he had to endure the unnerving stares all on his own.

The two of them walked up to the first landing up the winding staircase. The Ghost knocked on the door. "Come!" A voice inside barked sharply.

The Ghost opened the door and ushered him inside, closing the door behind them. The room wasn't big. It had a bed in one corner and a desk sitting against the back wall, a map with pins of various colours above it. Standing with her back to them, staring down at the desk, fingers rapping on its surface, was a young woman with short blonde hair, dressed in soft brown pants and a white tunic.

"I've received word that Vari made it to Castle Town." She said without looking up. "That's the last of our people in place!" She spun around to face them and trailed off, sky blue eyes widening. Link stared in shock. Despite the blonde hair, she looked exactly like Princess Zelda.

"Princess Zelda?" He asked. Midna appeared on his shoulder, frowning at the woman.

"You think your precious twilight princess would be caught here?" She scoffed. "She's making us do her work for her instead of finding a way to leave the safety of her castle to do it herself. This can't be the Princess."

"You are right and wrong." The woman replied calmly, giving Midna a sharp, narrow-eyed look. "I am not your Zelda, but I am Zelda, High Commander of the Resistance, Queen of Hyrule in exile." Link stared at her, trying to wrap his head around the concept of there being

another Zelda. She turned her head to look at the Ghost and enquired "Did you find them where we predicted they would be?"

Link turned to watch the Ghost nod, removing his hood to run his hand through long dirty-blond hair tied back in a low, loose ponytail. He pulled the cloth down off the lower part of his face, and Link realized why he had found him so familiar. Looking back at him was his own face, older, yes, but still recognisable as his own. The only thing really different, beside their age, was the colour of their eyes. Where the Ghost's eyes were pale blue, Link's were grey.

"You're me." He said. The older Link just nodded his head solemnly and walked over to where the princess was, inspecting the map.

"We need to get word out to our allies." The princess said. "Start organizing."

"Hey!" Midna interjected, finding her voice again. "Don't you think we're owed an explanation? What is going on here?"

"Yes, of course." The princess said, rubbing her temple. "Forgive me, but I do ask that you be patient for a few hours, there's work to be done and it can't really be put on hold right now."

"What could possibly be that important?" Midna sneered. "Planning a ball?"

"We are at war, here." The princess snapped, standing up tall, eyes suddenly blazing cold. "I have the lives of hundreds of people under my command and I do all that I can not to endanger them needlessly. If the information that we have does not get out quickly innocent lives will be in jeopardy. So, forgive me, but if you are not fucking dying my work takes priority over you."

The other Link put a hand on her shoulder. She let out a deep, shuddering breath. The other Link made some sort of gesture with his hand and the princess shook her head. "I will rest when my work is done." She said to him firmly.

He responded with more gestures, the movements sharp and quick. "Link's me." The princess said warningly. The other Link just folded his arms across his chest, staring her down sternly. She scowled back at him, but after a few moments sighed. "I need to get those messages out, but after that I will take a few hours rest." She conceded. "Will that satisfy you, my Champion?" She asked, cupping the other Link's cheek with one hand.

The other Link's shoulders relaxed a little and he nodded his head. "A few hours." The princess said, addressing Link and Midna again. "Enough time for you to see the healer, have something to eat, bathe if need be."

"Good, you smell like monster guts." Midna said to Link. The other Link snorted.

"You don't exactly smell fresh yourself, so don't laugh, jackass." The princess pointed out coolly. "I'd suggest bathing yourself unless you'd like to sleep outside tonight." The other Link wrinkled his

nose at her. She rubbed her forehead. "It's going to get confusing calling both of you Link, for everyone involved. Code names may be the best way to go. You already have one," She said, smiling up at the other Link. "Isn't that right, Ghost?"

The other Link, Ghost, nodded his head and then looked expectantly at Link. "Well, I guessâ€ Wolf would work." Link replied, saying the first thing that popped into his head. Midna snickered at him. Link, no, Wolf, he'd have to think of himself as Wolf, scowled at her.

"Wolf it is, then." The princess said. "Now, please, I need to work." Ghost nodded his head and headed for the door. Midna looked like she wanted to say more to the princess, but Wolf shook his head at her and followed after Ghost, so she followed him, grumbling inaudibly.

They headed back through the dining hall. Ghost tapped the shoulder of a middle-aged woman with white hair and made a few more of those hand gestures at her. She nodded her head at him and scooped up a bowl of soup and a roll of bread from the table, walking up the stairs towards the princess' room.

Ghost turned into one of the closed doors on the outside of the hallway. Inside was a number of cots, chairs as well as potions, bandages and other healing items stacked on shelves. An old woman scowled at Ghost as they walked in.

"What did you do to yourself this time?" She demanded. Midna burst into merry cackles at the offended look on Ghost's face. The old woman looked at Wolf then and snorted. "Well, it's not you this time, surprise, surprise. Although, it sort of is, isn't it?" She smirked at Ghost who sat down with a huff in one of the chairs. "Come here, youngling, let me have a look at that arm."

Wolf sat down on one of the beds. "Saria." The old woman called. A small girl dressed in green with green hair poked her head out of the adjoining room.

"Yes Miss Eir?" She asked.

"Would you go get dinner for these three?" Eir asked.

"Yes, ma'am!" Saria said cheerfully, leaving the chamber, a little fairy trailing after her.

"Alright, let's have a look." Eir said, gently loosening the sling and inspecting Wolf's wrist. "It's set nicely, though you do have plenty of experience with that, don't you?" She asked, looking at Ghost. Ghost rolled his eyes at her. "Don't sass me, young man." Eir said, standing and flicking Ghost in the ear as she grabbed a small vial of red potion off one of the shelves. "I assume you know how this works." She said to Wolf. Wolf nodded and downed the potion. "Leave the splint on a couple minutes just to make sure it works properly."

"Yes ma'am, thank you." Wolf said.

"What about you, missy?" Eir asked Midna. "Need anything?"

"No." Midna replied shortly, looking surprised that Eir had even thought to ask her. Saria came back with three bowls, tilting her head curiously at Midna when she came to her.

"Are you a fairy?" She asked.

"No, I'm a Twili." Midna replied impatiently.

"Oh, you're pretty." Saria commented.

She wandered off to the other room, leaving a shocked Midna behind. Saria came back, holding an ocarina, standing in front of Ghost, who looked down at her and smiled, the expression softening his fierce face, making him look younger.

"I made up a new song, do you want to hear it?" Saria asked eagerly. Ghost nodded his head at her. She sat down beside him, leaning against his leg and began to play a light, happy melody. The mellow sound made Wolf feel relaxed and peaceful, and even Midna seemed to enjoy it.

When she was done Ghost smoothed the hair on Saria's head and flicked his hands in more gestures. "Thank you!" Saria chirped happily. "Maybe we can play it together later?" Ghost nodded his head. "Yay!" Saria said, getting up and hugging Ghost before skipping back into the other room.

"Alright, you should be good to take off the splint now." Eir said to Wolf. "Just don't do anything funny with that arm for a couple days, the bone will be a bit brittle."

"Yes ma'am." Wolf replied politely. Ghost finished the last of his soup and stood, stretching up tall and yawning so wide Wolf heard his jaw crack. Wolf stood as well, bowing to Eir. "Thank you for helping me."

Her craggy face scrunched up in a smile. "Well, at least you're polite and obedient, unlike some people I know." She said, giving Ghost a significant look. Ghost just crossed his eyes at her. "Hmph, see if I help you when you come in with busted ribs again."

Ghost waved a hand dismissively at her and beckoned Wolf and Midna to follow him again. "Can... can you not talk?" Wolf asked Ghost, falling in step beside him as they walked down the hallway. Ghost shook his head, pulling the black cloth away from his neck to reveal a thick scar across his throat. "Oh, does it hurt?" He asked lamely. Ghost shook his head, smiling slightly in reassurance.

He opened the door at the end of the curved hallway, which turned out to be a short hallway that widened into a cavern floored by stone instead of wood. The cavern was dominated by a large pool of water, in which a number of people were playing, talking and bathing, both male and female.

Ghost led him to the side of the room, where a series of baskets were stacked by the wall. Each basket had a piece of slate attached to the front along with a piece of chalk. Most of the baskets had names in them and were either empty or filled with discarded clothes.

Ghost grabbed an empty basket that had no name on it and wrote 'Wolf'

on the slate in neat, elegant letters before giving it to Wolf. He pulled out a basket from the pile that had the name 'Link' on it, placing it on the ground and stripping, dropping his clothes into the basket.

Wolf looked away, peeking at him out of the corner of his eye. Surprisingly, despite his broad shoulders, Ghost was rather lean, though obviously muscular. He looked like he was built for speed and agility, rather than strength. Ghost caught him looking and flapped a hand at him, as though telling him to get on with it.

Wolf hesitated a moment, not thrilled about being nude in front of so many people, some of them women, but no one else seemed to be too concerned about it. He could see a Gerudo talking with a Goron on the side of the pool, completely at ease with her breasts exposed. Shoving his embarrassment down he quickly undressed, thankful that Midna had disappeared into his shadow again and wasn't mocking him.

When he turned back, Ghost nodded and turned to enter the pool. Wolf gasped in horror. Ghost's back was a network of scars that twisted across his back, piling up, layer upon layer. The Ghost looked back at him and smiled sadly at his expression.

Wolf looked away, not sure if he should say anything or even what to say. So he just walked into the pool. Instead of a slope the drop was abrupt from the edge, and he was up to his knees in water immediately. The water was pleasantly warm and clear and he sat down, leaning back against the edge. The pool got deeper towards the back wall and he could see at least one Zora zipping around in it. There was even a crowd of children playing by the edge, batting a ball back and forth between themselves and a tiny Deku child standing at the edge of the pool.

The children all perked up when Ghost entered the pool. "It's Link, get him!" One of them cried, and the chase was on. Ghost ran through the shallows, trailed by the gaggle of children, all intent on catching him. Judging by the amused laughter echoing through the cavern from the adults this was a regular occurrence.

Finally one child managed to tackle Ghost and he was swarmed, falling face-first into the water with a mighty splash, children piled on top of him. A moment later he surged up out of the water, a child held under each arm. He threw first one, then the other, both shrieking gleefully, into the deeper part of the pool. This prompted a chorus of 'me next, me next' from the others, and Ghost spent several minutes tossing children around the pool.

The kids finally tired of the game and Ghost sloshed through the water to sit down beside Wolf. Wolf had so many questions, but there was no way for Ghost to really answer him, since he didn't know what the gestures he made meant. So he kept silent, watching Ghost out of the corner of his eye, trying to catalogue the differences between them.

Besides the eyes, Ghost was about a head taller than him. His long nose was crooked, like he'd broken it and not had it healed properly. Wolf thought that he spotted a few strands of silvery white hairs mixed in with Ghost's dirty-blond hair as well.

When the both of them were good and pruny Ghost got out of the pool, drying himself off with one of the towels stacked by the laundry baskets. He then turned to the shelves that were along the wall and picked a couple items off the top one. He tapped his chin, looking at the shelves and then finally took more items off the second-highest shelf, handing them to Wolf.

The items turned out to be a pair of soft brown trousers and a loose long-sleeved white shirt. Ghost was pulling on similar clothes, though his shirt was a light grey instead of white. He looked softer now, dressed in loose clothes, damp hair falling around his face. Looking at him, Wolf couldn't find the vicious killer that he'd met first.

The two of them walked side by side into the now nearly empty dining hall. "LINK!" Wolf flinched at the bellow. A big, burly, brown-skinned man waved the both of them down from one of the table. "Well, there's two of you, as if one's not bad enough." He said, grinning as the two of them sat down across from him. "Alfonzo." He greeted, holding out a massive hand to Wolf. "Weapon's Master." He had tattoos peeking out from under the collar of his shirt, and a scar under one eye.

"We're calling me Wolf for now." Wolf explained, taking the hand.

"Makes sense." Alfonzo said cheerfully. "Up for a game of cards? Won't play poker since you probably don't have anything to bet."

"I do have rupees." Wolf said.

"We don't bet rupees, those go towards the stuff we really need." Alfonzo said, shuffling the cards. "We bet things like treats, or favours, that sort of thing." He looked up, brown eyes focusing at a point above Wolf's shoulder. "You want to play too?" He asked.

Wolf looked and found Midna hovering there, watching Alfonzo curiously. "You don't find me strange?" She asked him.

"Little lady, I have seen so much shit in the last several years, I just tend to roll with it." Alfonzo replied with a shrug. "Most of us do." He then explained the game, which was called crazy eight's because, in Alfonzo's words, it drove people fucking insane.

"How much longer do we have to wait for the princess to have her beauty rest?" Midna moaned after a bit.

"Is that where Impa went? To make sure she rested?" Alfonzo asked Ghost. Ghost nodded softly. "Good. Zelda will work herself to exhaustion if we don't keep our eye on her." He explained. "So if we see that she's starting to get over-worked we jump on her immediately, make her take a break. She's made herself sick as a Goddess-damned dog before and we don't want it to happen again."

"You call the princess by her given name?" Wolf asked. "Isn't that disrespectful?"

"Technically she's not a princess at the moment. She's in exile, and she'd be the Queen if she wasn't in exile anyways." Alfonzo replied.

" In any case we're a close knit bunch here, don't have much of a care for titles. She prefers it that way. We prefer it that way. Makes for a more relaxed atmosphere."

Finally, the woman, Impa, stepped out of the room where the princess was, and nodded at them.

End
file.